THE Country Lamentation.

A Cloud of folk met all at ance,
I may not ſtay to tell their names,
But yet I'll tell you all their manes,
Well worthy the rehearſing:
The gentry they began aloud,
And cry'd, they may not be ſo proud,
For this is true, ſirs, you may tru'd;
Indeed 'tis very piercing,
When we bid Factors ſeek our rent,
After our money is all ſpent,
They tell us we may be content,
And gives us this reply man,
That money's gone out of the land,
Or at leaſt none comes to our hand,
For coin we cannot now command,
Suppoſe that we ſhould die man;
For tenants cannot cattle ſell,
Except fat nolt that's for the mell;
And truly 'tis a ſhame to tell
How low a price they bid man:
For butchers they go through the fair,
While tenants does to them repair,
Wringing their hands for evermair,
Crying will ye look aſide man.

Hae

Hae there's a ſnuff out of my mill,
And on this ox cowe paſs your skil;
He's fat, and ready for to kill;
To buy him if your willing:
They find his flanks and all around,
Then asks his price, for 'tis four pound;
For he's as fat as goes on ground;
But they bid forty ſhilling,
Which makes our tenants ſpirits fail,
And water drink inſtead of ale,
When they hear tell of this ſad tale,
Tho' better they can't make it.
So home they come, clawing their heads,
And gives the beaſt an armfu' weeds,
And in their preſs but little bread's,
Tho' their ſtomachs well could take it,
Which makes the wives to curſe and ban,
And wiſh that they had no goodman,
For they were meikle better wahn
Liv'd ſingle and unmarried.
They tell their daughters in ſad moods,
With perſian ſilks who lin'd their Hoods,
They muſt forbear ſuch kind of goods,
Seeing things is thus way carried.
The tenants cries, Now, good be thanked,
We hope ere long in kirk and market,
Each wife will wear an woolen blanket,
The wool is turn'd ſo plenty.
In days of old, years paſt a hunder,
Rocklies and hoods would been a wonder,

Bra hoods and plaids ſhews ay prides thunder,
Or any thing too dainty,
In days of our old Luckydades,
Madams wore hoods and ladies plaids,
While blankets covered country maids;
Each rank then kept their ſtation.
But now if one be worth ten groats,
Nought leſs will ſerve than twiled coats,
And a fine plaid with fringed Knots,
The redeſt in the nation:
And one that never had a crown,
The very Dreggs of all the Town,
Muſt have a killimanky gown,
The ſleeves o't lin'd with tabie,
With napkins of cotton and ſilk,
And cambrick mutches white like milk;
They go, like ladies of that Ilk,
Upon the ſtreets ſu ſaucy,
With muſlin hoods out o'er their face,
And ſhillings for each ell of lace;
And mariken ſhoes the ſtreets to trace,
And on their hands fine muffles;
And ſome of them ſcarce have a Shirt,
Bout their tails muſt have a skirt,
To ſave their other clothes from dirt,
And at their ſleeves fine ruffles.
A ribbon belt and buckle fine,
A bible that like gold doth ſhine,
White guſhets in their ſtockings fine,
And than they're in the faſhion:

And thoſe of them that are ought nice,
Does at a tavlor ſeek advice,
And buys ſtays at a guinea price,
Which ſhines to admiration.
Upon a ſate they place their backſide,
Syne to the market ſtraight do ride;
Then whoſe like them in a' their pride,
For the fellows flocks about them.
Then to a quiet room they're hy'd,
And never a fault in them eſpy'd;
And thus and thus we're all betrayed,
For ſtraight we fall a wooing;
They ſit beſide us like a ſaint,
Seeming with all our words content,
To mary us gives ſoon conſent,
Which ruins us, believe me.
The young men to's gone by their bounds
For in black boots, like to dragoons,
They do parade to market towns;
Their wiggs price is a guinea,
With hunting whips into their hand,
And fine pluſh caps they do command
And thus they ride as though the land
For nothing had at a man,
With ſilver hinged ivory mills,
They vapour o're the haughs and hills,
To burrough towns and ſpends their gills
Playing at cards and a' man:
The old men is alſo turn'd ſo bra,
With long gravates as white as ſna;

They'll on Tobacco ſpend it a',
Which truly dulls their ſenſes,
That uſeleſs plant which ſtops the brains,
The ſpirits ſpoils, and fills the veins,
And from our purſe the money drains,
We find to our expences.
There's ſoap, ſtiffin, and blew ſo bright,
With pins and needles that's fu' tight,
Makes us ſlip off 'twixt day and night,
And leave the maſters rent man.
Laſt year's bargain of rouped corn,
And other things we might forborn,
Gar'd us loup off 'twixt even and morn,
And take the bogs a-ſclent man.
And ſome of us for flocks of ſheep,
Gets nothing but a theif to keep,
Which rives us many a night's ſleep
And breads us much vexation,
I never love that lingering cauſe,
That hangs 'twixt *Scots* and *Engliſh* laws,
They ſay mean horſe ne're even draws,
Nor men of different nations.
Our Factors, as it now appears,
They pray fu' oft for the dear years,
But none I hope their prayer hears
Which makes them diſappointed.
When farm meal arks is lying fu',
When corn is lying in a mow,
When few is buying from them now,
This makes them diſcontented.

So

So they think they're right ill ſped ;
Highland ſtocks-men, with whey well fed,
Comes to our fairs their wiggs ill red,
And neither oil nor powder.
The time I'm ſure we have ſeen a'
When *they* came in with boots fu' bra,
And natural wiggs as white as ſnaw,
With flower on *every* ſhoulder.
They drank nought leſs than ſixpence ale,
Which made them fat as *any* whale,
But now, ſince ſtocks began to fail,
Small *twopeny* muſt ſerve them.
No outgate is found for our ſheep,
We think that death is fal'n aſleep,
We wiſh we had the half to keep,
For the land cannot preſerve them.
They're grown ſo *plenty* on our hills
On vallies and on purling rills,
They eat and never get their fills,
For the graſs is turn'd to nought man,
Our *Teviotdale* fleſhers, *by* their troth,
They bought the lambs and ſold them off,
Believe it was with *many* an Oath,
Much cheaper than *they* bought them.
They bought the lambs at *Hawick Sandbed*,
Twelve pence the piece, becauſe well fed,
Sold them off for twopence the leg,
So here was little wining.
And ſome *they* bought at our *Highland*,
Pay'd eighteen pence *ready* in hand,

Sold

Sold them, and got nothing but a band,
Their price nought but a ſhilling.
The *year's* turn'd bad that once was *gay*;
Our *Highland* herds is gone *away*;
December follows after *May*,
And time is full of turning.
Our wool merchants that once look'd big,
With hat and boots, and horſe and wigg,
Hath left their trade, and turn'd to dig,
With *heavy* groans and mourning.
Our merchant lads that us'd to dine
On ſhort bread and claret wine,
And in their pockets gold did ſhine,
Is now turn'd *melancholy*.
Inſtead of wine and ſixpence ale,
They eat beer bread, ſup lentern kail,
Becauſe their ſtocks is like to fail,
The wool trade's ruin'd *wholly*.
Our ſparks that had the greateſt daſh,
And once in pockets had moſt caſh,
Is like in bargains had been raſh,
So ſirs ſo be *wary*.
For ſince the trade of wool fell down,
Some of them's to *London* gone,
And other ſome turn'd a dragoon,
And join'd the *military*.
The *Jedburgh* folk and *Teviotſide*
Hath conſciences that's *mighty* wide;
But bad markets that's cool'd their pride,
And keeps them within meaſure,

In *Keſo* and *Kell-water* too,
About the wool there's much ado;
And ſome their horſe can *ſcarcely* ſhoe
In *Etrick* and *Gallow-water*.
Roull-water cadgers guide them a',
That travels through both froſt and ſna,
Which makes their humous oft to fa',
And keep them within meaſure.
They're greeting, at leaſt little better,
When *they* ſend *any* to debtor;
Inſtead of *money*, gets a letter,
Which breeds them little pleaſure.
Through *Loudoun*, and the coaſts of *Fife*,
The packs of wool's turn'd *mighty* rife;
But want of *money* breeds this ſtrife,
And kindles *ay* vexation.
In *Glaſgow*, *Stirling*, *Lithgow* town,
In all the north the wool's fall'n down,
In *city* and the *country* round.
Throughout our *Scotiſh* nation.
The skins gives nothing in this land,
And tallow lies into our hand;
This puts us often to a ſtand,
To ſee how things is going;
Our tenants *every* other *day*,
Bids us farewel, and ſlips *away*,
Travels to *Tyne*, or elſe to *Tay*,
Which prophecies our ruin.

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